DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XIII., No. 1. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1878. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

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## "UNCLE TOM."

"Uncle Tom of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not dead. Mrs. Stowe took a liberty which requires considerable exercise of the novelist's license when she made Legree kill Uncle Tom. But Legree, George Selby, George Harris, Cassy, Topsy, Eliza Harris, Aunt Chloe, Eva and "Uncle Tom" were all real characters when that wonderful book was written, and Uncle Tom, now eighty-eight years old, is at present living in Canada, and last year by her commands visited the Queen of England. His real name is Josiah Henson, and he lives at Down, Ontario.

Josiah Henson is even a more remarkable man than "Uncle Tom," although the latter is so much better known. He was born in 1789 in Charles County, Maryland. His earliest remembrance is of his father with his head bloody and back lacerated, beside himself with mingled rage and suffering, the result of a hundred lashes on his bare back, laid on by a powerful blacksmith, to which was added the mutilation of his ear, which had previously been nailed to a post. His crime was striking an overseer who had brutally assaulted his wife.

REV. JOSIAH HENSON.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Josiah's first master was Dr. McPherson, a kind man, and hard drinker. One morning he was found lying dead in a narrow stream not a foot in depth. After this occurrence the slaves were sold and Josiah and his mother separated, the latter being bought by Isaac Riley, of Montgomery County. Josiah in his new place was neglected, and falling sick was like to die, and in this condition was sold to Riley, a blacksmith, who was to pay for him by shoeing horses for his former owner if he lived, while, if he died, no payment was to be demanded. Mr. Henson's description of the condition of a slave is not a very favorable one. His principal food was cornmeal and salt herrings, to which was added in summer a little buttermilk and the few vegetables each one might raise for himself in his little garden, called a "truck patch." Usually they had two regular meals in a day, breakfast at noon, after working from daylight, and supper at the end of the day's work. During harvest another meal was added. Their dress was of tow cloth and very insufficient, and they lived in log huts with the bare ground for a floor, ten or a dozen men, women, and children being in a single room. These wretched hovels afforded but little shelter, the wind whistled through the cracks, and the rain made their floor a river, and in these places the slaves were penned by night, fed by day, their children born and their poor neglected.

Notwithstanding this condition of things Josiah grew strong and vigorous and aimed to be the best at running, playing, dancing, working and everything, until he grew to be his master's right-hand man and practically his business manager. At this time, when eighteen years old, he was induced by his mother to attend a religious service, conducted by a good man, named John Kennedy, who lived at Georgetown. He obtained permission from his master to attend, but the negroes were not admitted into the meeting. Josiah standing at the door heard him with upraised hands, say with emphasis: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, tasted death for every man; for the high, for the low; for the rich, for the poor; the bound, the free; the negro in his chains, the man in gold and diamonds." His heart was touched, and as quick as thought came the enquiries, "Did he *die for me? Why did* he die for me?" And as the preacher reiterated the words "for every man" the light grew upon him, and he was almost beside himself with joy. On his way home he turned aside into the woods and prayed to God for light and aid, and with a consciousness of new strength and a destiny superior to anything he had before conceived, he began soon after to impart to poor slaves about him the few glimmerings of light from another world which had reached his own eyes.

One important portion of Josiah's duties when his master's chief man, was to act as his body-guard when, enjoying himself at the town, and more particularly on his way home, when the master required to be held on his saddle from the tavern to his home. On Saturday and Sundays particularly the slave-owners were accustomed to occupy their time in gambling, running, fighting, and drinking whiskey. Knowing the inevitable results of their dissipations, whenever a fight arose, their body-guards were instructed to rush in and each one seizing his master drag him out of the affray and place him on his horse, or in his buggy, and bring him safely home. On one of these occasions Josiah's master got into a quarrel with his brother's overseer, Bryce Lytton. All sided with Lytton and Josiah rushing into the room found his master fenced into a corner with a dozen striking at him with fists, crockery, chairs and anything that came handy. The faithful servant rushed in to help him and in the scuffle Lytton got a severe fall, which he attributed to Josiah Henson. About a week afterwards the latter was sent on a message, and on his return was met in a narrow lane by Lytton and three negroes. The scene which followed, he himself describes as follows:

"The overseer seized my horse's bridle and ordered me to alight, in the usual elegant phraseology addressed by such men to slaves. I asked what I was to alight for, 'To take the worst flogging you ever had in your life, you black scoundrel.' He added many oaths that I will not repeat. 'But what am I to be flogged for, Mr. L.?' I asked. 'Not a word,' said he, 'but 'light at once and take off your jacket.' I saw there was nothing else to be done, and slipped off the horse on the opposite side from him. 'Now take off your shirt,' cried he; and as I demurred at this he lifted a stick he had in his hand to strike me, but so suddenly and violently that he frightened the horse, which broke away from him and ran home. I was thus left without means of escape to sustain the attacks of four men as well as I might. In avoiding Mr. L.'s blow I had accidentally got into a corner of the fence where I could not be approached except in front. The overseer called upon the negroes to seize me; but they knowing something of my physical power, were slow to obey. At length they did their best, and as they brought themselves within my reach, I knocked them down successively, and I gave one of them, who tried to trip up my feet, when he was down, a kick with my heavy shoe, which knocked out several teeth, and sent him howling away. Meanwhile Bryce Lytton beat my head with a stick not heavy enough to knock me down, but it drew blood freely. He shouted all the while, 'Won't you give up! won't you give up!' adding oath after oath. Exasperated at my defence, he suddenly seized a heavy fence-rail and rushed at me with rage. The ponderous blow fell; I lifted my arm to ward it off, the bone cracked like a pipe-stem, and I fell headlong to the ground. Repeated blows then rained on my back till both shoulder blades were broken, and the blood gushed copiously from my mouth. In vain the negroes interposed. 'Didn't you see the nigger strike?'

Of course they must say 'yes,' although the lying coward had avoided close quarters, and fought with his stick alone. At length his vengeance satisfied, he desisted, telling me to 'remember what it was to strike a white man." Meanwhile an alarm had been raised at the house by the return of the horse without its rider and Josiah's master started off with a party in search of him. Although he grew into a tremendous rage when he found his slave with his arm and shoulder blades broken, and endeavored to have the brutal assailant punished, little good came of it, because Lytton swore that, when he spoke to Henson in the lane, the latter "sassed" him, jumped off his horse and struck him, and would have killed him but for the help of his negroes. As no negro's testimony had any weight against that of a white man, Lytton was acquitted and Henson's master obliged to pay all costs of the court.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Temperance Department.

### WORDS FOR THE HOUR ON TEMPERANCE.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The approach of the holiday season furnishes not only a fitting occasion for a fresh protest against offering intoxicants upon New Year's Day, but for a bird's eye glance at some of the present aspects of the temperance reform. The pernicious custom of setting out wine, punch, etc., before visitors on the birthday of the year deserves no quarter from pulpit or press. It is a flagrant sin against social morality, and without a shadow of excuse. Hospitality does not require intoxicating beverages, as long as ample supplies of coffee, lemonade, and other harmless drinks can be so easily provided. Many a young man takes his fatal first glass of wine on New Year's Day. Many another has had his incipient appetite for alcoholics confirmed by the temptations held out by female hands. It is not too strong an affirmation to say that the woman who deliberately offers an intoxicating glass to a man deserves to suffer the woes of a drunkard's wife or a drunkard's mother. Nor is it too much to say that no one has a right to ask God's blessing on his home while he makes that home a place of perilous temptation to unwary feet and to those which easily "stumble"

During the year now closing a considerable discussion has arisen over the question whether spiritual conversion can take away entirely the physical appetite for strong drink. The position that a change of heart does often produce this physical effect has been stoutly affirmed at some of Mr. Moody's temperance meetings and elsewhere. That sporadic cases of this kind have never occurred we are not prepared to deny; but surely they cannot be frequent enough to establish such an extraordinary hypothesis. The appetite for alcoholic stimulants is a bodily craving, often amounting to a confirmed disease. Sometimes it is hereditary; sometimes it is produced and deeply-seated by long indulgence in stimulants. Certain bodily tissues become affected by drink, and so affected that they inevitably thirst for more drink. Now that the supernatural grace of God may give a man the power to resist the cravings of a physical appetite is in accordance with the Bible and with human experience. The enemy is not obliterated. He is conquered and kept under. This is the glory of divine grace that it "giveth us the victory," not over foes which have no existence, but over those which have a terrible vitality. When Paul struck hard blows to "keep under" his physical appetites he was not fighting a man of straw. John B. Gough —in a late address in Lafayette-avenue Church, Brooklyn—affirmed most distinctly his utter disbelief in the new theory that a spiritual conversion has any such physical effect as to obliterate the appetite for liquor. There is no better authority than his, after thirty-five years of wide observation and severe personal experience. His own appetite for drink is only a tiger chained up by vigilance and the Divine strength.

Every theory is a dangerous one which leads people into the delusion that they can safely tamper with intoxicants. The worst thing about alcohol is its infernal subtlety. It can deceive the very elect. Thousands of Christians have fallen by its sorcery. I knew an otherwise excellent churchmember who was often so overcome by his wine-bottle that he could not conduct his family worship intelligibly. A man who had been apparently converted from inebriety has often exhorted and prayed in my own church-meetings, and has then been tracked to the dram-shop, on his way home from the service! A very large number of those who have signed the total abstinence pledge in Mr. Murphy's mass-meetings have already gone back to their cups. All such facts—and we could multiply them indefinitely—only confirm the Bible truth that strong drink "is a mocker," and whosoever once puts himself under its power discovers that it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. We do not deny that many inebriates have been soundly converted; we have the names of such on our church-roll to-day. But every such man should write on the palm of his hand: I cannot trust God too much, and I cannot trust myself too little. The vast majority of persons, male or female, who ever become drunkards go down at last to the drunkard's doom. This is one of the most overwhelming and unanswerable arguments in favor of entire abstinence from the ensnaring glass. It is not about time to stop quarrelling about disputed Bible texts, and to rest this moral reform upon the basis of common sense and Christian philanthropy? I dare not drink for my own sake. I ought not to drink for my neighbor's sake. This is a total abstinence platform strong enough and broad enough for all to stand upon.

3. Female inebriety is on the increase. When women are once enslaved by liquor or opium they are even more difficult cases to reform than men. Among the occupants of tenement-houses and in the by-streets female drunkenness is appalling. Baillie Lewis testifies before a parliamentary commission that in Edinburgh the principal factor of intemperance among females is the licensed grocer's shop. What is true of Edinburgh and Glasgow is equally true of New York and Brooklyn. The great mass of drinking women (with the exception of prostitutes) procure their drams at the grocery. This fact gives fresh emphasis to the wisdom of the efforts now being made by Dr. Crosby's Society, by the State League, and by the Brooklyn "Brotherhood" to break up the corner drinking-dens. And the further we push this matter the more hideously illogical and suicidal it seems for the civil authorities to license a tippling-house of any kind or under any circumstances. But the refusal to license or to allow tippling-houses of all grades means practical "prohibition." So that Dr. Crosby and his co-workers will soon find themselves confronted with the question: Are we ready for that?

The last twelve-month has witnessed a decided progress of agitation and discussion among the thoughtful classes in Great Britian. The "Church of England Temperance Society" numbers among its supporters the bishops of Oxford, Exeter, and several more of its influential leaders. The brilliant Canon Farrar (author of the "Life of Christ") is delivering radical teetotal sermons in Westminster Abbey? Basil Wilberforce is agitating Britain with as much eloquence for total abstinence as his celebrated grandfather did for Negro emancipation. These two clergymen are the most popular orators in the Established Church. The British reformers are far more thorough, scientific, and statistical in their philanthropic movements than we are. They have great faith in parliamentary commissions.

Before the present "Committee of the House of Lords" a very interesting series of answers has lately been rendered by Sir William Gull, the eminent physician of Guy's Hospital. Sir William agrees with Dr. Richardson and Sir Henry Thompson in denouncing the too free use of alcoholic medicines. He testifies that he treats fever patients without alcoholic stimulants; that the use of wine, ales, and brandy by overworked people is useless and dangerous; and that in regard to intellectual labor all such drinks are positively hurtful! Even the moderate use of alcoholic drinks he pronounces to be injurious to the nerve tissues and deleterious to health. In reply to the question of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Penrhyn, he boldly said that "there is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines even in so-called moderate quantities." This is rather radical doctrine to be heard in aristocratic quarters. He denies that alcoholic beverages either improve the intellect, or impart strength, or add nourishment, or supply warmth to the body. He makes a proper distinction between "heat and the feeling of heat." Sir William closed by advocating the immediate abandonment of intoxicating beverages on the same principle that he would the prompt abandonment of poisons.

When such wholesome teachings are heard from such influential quarters, it is time that American physicians began to reconsider their practice of freely using and recommending alcoholic tonics. Some of them do give the weight of their influence in opposition to such tonics; but it is still an undeniable fact that an immense amount of drunkenness is produced by the use of wines and Bourbon as restoratives. Alcohol covers up a great deal; but it cures very little. In medicine, as in the social circle, "wine is a mocker. Whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." A "Happy New Year" would it be if it banished the decanter from every house in our land.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### "I WILL FOLLOW THE CHURCH, AND NOT THE STATE, NOW, MOTHER."

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

The influence of Christians should be safe to follow. Officials in the Church of Jesus Christ have always been held in the eyes of the world as specially entrusted with moral influences, and in a peculiar sense amenable for their actions. An apostle said that "a bishop should not be given to wine;" and we incline to the rendering of a Hebrew and Greek scholar who says it should be read, "should not get near wine." Now as wine was the only intoxicant known at that time, we judge that the injunction applies with equal force to all intoxicants. During the past season, at a centennial celebration dinner, there sat among others at the table a young man with his Christian mother, the governor of the State, and a well-known Bishop.

When lager beer was served, the governor refused it; but the bishop drank it. The young man said, "Mother, I will follow the Church this time rather than the State," and drank his lager.

Two men were sitting near the bishop, and when one of them took his beer the other said, "How is this? I thought you were a temperance man!" "Well," replied his friend, "the bishop drinks it."

It is not our purpose in penning these lines to judge the bishop; to his Church and his God we leave that; but we do ask which was safe for the young man to follow? Was it the Church or the State?

Rev. Dr. Crosby and others inseparably connect Christianity and the wine-cup, if they are to be taken as its true representatives. So when this same bishop sat at the head of the table, on another occasion, with a lighted cigar in one hand, and a glass of wine in the other, he was taken as a representative Christian!

The Booddhas, Mohammed, and even that apostate church which disgraces the name of religion as well as our civilization—the Mormon—condemn the use of wine. Is Christianity so far below these religious systems that it teaches the use of that of which God's Word says "it is a mocker," and commands us not to "look upon when it is red?" Nay, verily, the apostle says, it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby a brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

If the Church is not as safe to follow as the State, who is responsible? Can the State be expected to excel the Church in moral example? Must it always be hurled in the face of Christians that "the Church is always behind in reforms?" Let all "professors" think of this!—*Zion's Herald (Boston).*

### BOYS—AND THE BOTTLE.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Nothing from the pen of Dickens or Thackeray goes nearer to the fount of tears than many a scene in child-life which is occurring every day. Not long ago I came upon a staggering father who was being led home by his own little boy. When the helpless sot reeled over and was likely to fall the lad dexterously steadied him up again, as if he had acquired the knack of it from a long experience. The expression of shame and grief on the poor child's face haunted me for hours. I shuddered to think that the accursed appetite might descend as an hereditary bane, and be reproduced in that child in future years. One of the most hopeless cases of drunkenness I ever knew was the case of a church member whose father and grandfather were confirmed topers. That the lust for strong drink is hereditary has been often proved; but what father has a right to bequeath such a legacy of damnation to his offspring?

A few days ago an interesting lad called at my door with a request from his mother for me to visit her. "What is the matter, my lad?" His countenance clouded over as he said tearfully—"It's about papa." The old, old story. I knew it too well. "Papa" had broken loose again, and the seven evil spirits which had been cast out had come back again, and the last state of the man became worse than before. Such visits are among the saddest which a pastor can ever be called to make: to me—after my long observation of the clutch which drunkenness fastens on its victim—they are among the most desperate. There is a bare possibility that the father may be saved; but what an example to his boy!

A friend gave me lately the experience of a skillful professional man in about the following words: "My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, so I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread.

"One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me lying on a lounge, sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years old, tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him—'Now get up and fall again. That's the way papa does; let's play we are drunk!' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor! I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country—thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys 'playing drunk as papa does.' I never pass a day without thanking my God for giving me a praying wife, and bestowing grace sufficient to conquer my detestable sin of the bottle. Madam! If you have a son, keep him, if you can, from ever touching a glass of wine."

The narrator of the above touching story may never see it in these columns; but if he does, I know he will pardon its publication. It may be a timely warning to more than one father who is by no means a toper and yet is putting a wine-glass right before his own children. It is the ready excuse of many a young lad for taking a glass of champagne—"We always have it at home." The decanter at home kindles the appetite which soon seeks the drinking saloon. The thoughtless or reckless parent gives the fatal push which sends the boys to destruction.

Long labor in the temperance reform has convinced me that the most effectual place to promote it is at home. There is the spot where the mischief too often is done. There is the spot to enact a "prohibitory law." Let it be written upon the walls of every house—*Wherever there is a boy, there should never be a bottle.—Evangelist.*

### OPIUM IN CHINA.

We recently saw the statement of a traveller in China, to the effect that the use of opium in that country had either greatly diminished or had been previously overstated. It was only another illustration of how some men, ever intelligent men, may travel through a country and notice little of what is going on it. The testimony of those who have resided in China for years, and who have the best opportunities for being informed on the subject, is that the opium traffic is becoming more and more the curse of the land. A letter which we recently received from a missionary who has been for many years in that country says:

"The missionaries in China are constantly made to realize what a mighty obstacle in the way of the gospel this opium trade is. The habit of opium-smoking is becoming more and more prevalent. The Chinese seem to be fascinated by the vice, and sometimes it seems as if it must be their utter destruction."

At the late General Conference of Protestant missionaries, held at Shanghai, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1. That opium-smoking is a vice highly injurious, physically, morally and socially.

2. That the opium trade, though now no longer contraband, is deeply injurious, not only to China, but also to India, to Great Britain, and to the other countries engaged in it; and especially that both from its present history and its present enormous extent, producing suspicion and dislike in the minds of the Chinese, it is a most formidable obstacle to the cause of Christianity; and it is the earnest desire of this Conference that the trade may be speedily suppressed, except so far as it is necessary to supply the strictly medicinal use of the drug,

3. That while fully aware of the serious commercial and financial difficulties in the way of abolishing the trade, and not venturing to give any opinion as to the means by which these may be obviated, it is the solemn conviction of this Conference that in this case as always, "nothing which is morally wrong can be politically right."

4. That in addition to the dissemination of strictly accurate information, the Conference believes that the labors of those in Great Britain opposed to the opium trade may at present be most practically and beneficially directed towards the effort to sever the direct connection of the Indian Government with the growth, manufacture and sale of opium; and to oppose any attempt to obstruct the action of the Chinese government in all lawful endeavors to regulate, restrict or suppress opium-smoking and the opium trade in China.

5. Finally, this Conference urgently appeals to all the churches of Christendom to pray fervently to God that He may prosper the means used, so that this great evil may speedily come to an end, and to make their voices heard in clear and earnest tones, so as to reach the ear and awaken the conscience of England, and of all other Christian people and governments.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor. 15: 57.

## Agricultural Department.

### AN ENGLISH PRIZE FARM.

We cannot imitate in all things the practice of the best English farmers; but there are many things of the utmost utility in the management of land which we can learn from them, much to our advantage. Hence it is that we frequently direct attention to their practice, which is far more economical, while it is far more intensive than our Western system. The farm to which the first prize of $200 was paid by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, in *class 5* of farms, had 11 competitors. It is called the "Waterside Farm," and its owner is Mr. Richard Mackreth. This farm is in Lancashire, about two miles from Lancaster. It contains 112 acres, of which 29 acres are arable. This arable land is divided into four equal-sized fields, with perfectly straight fences, and in their management the four-course system is adopted—viz., wheat, grass-seed, oats, and roots. The grass-seed, as soon as the wheat is off, receives a top-dressing of manure. This grass is grazed with sheep and cattle for one year, and is then broken up for oats; and this crop is followed by rutabagas, mangels, or potatoes. The rutabagas are grown with artificial manure only, while the mangels and potatoes receive from ten to twenty loads of dung per acre. These rutabagas are grown thirty inches apart in the rows, and the plants eighteen inches apart. There are 22 shorthorn cows, the milk of which is made into cheese. The heifer calves are all raised. The bull calves are sold young as veals. As the young heifers come into the dairy the old cows are fatted and drafted out, and generally bring $150 each. The cows are kept through the winter on Swedes and oat-straw, at the rate of 56 lbs. of each, given uncut. After calving, hay, Swedes, and oil cake, or Indian corn-meal, are given. In the summer they run on the pasture lands. About $100 is paid for horse-dung and $200 of bone and turnip fertilizers are purchased annually. The bone-dust is used for a portion of the pastures every year.

He purchases every year 80 Cheviot ewes of full age, at a cost of $12 dollars per head. To these he puts a Teeswater ram; and his produce last year was 140 lambs, or at the rate of 1¾ lambs to each ewe. These he fats, selling them at $6 to $7.50 per head. The ewes are shorn and clip from 4 to 5 pounds of wool each and sold when fat at $12.50 to $13.50 per head. They are wintered on the grass-lands, with plenty of roots and some cake or grain after lambing. Only two working horses are kept. The management was of the best order, and its productions of cheese, grain, lambs, mutton, and beef were most commendable and sufficient to take the award of the first premium on farms of that size. This is a synopsis of the management, but it lacks the actual income. The management of the sheep is a feature that is well worthy of remark. The consumption of the produce, of course, supplied large quantities of manure. But it will be seen that, to keep it up, there were $300 spent, besides what was made; and, of course, there was money in the operation, or it would not have been undertaken.—*Michigan Farmer.*

### WINDOW GARDENING.

To begin, then, we will remind you that indoor plants require far more care than those grown in the garden, for nature supplies nearly all the wants of plants grown in the open air.

Get healthy plants to begin with. Plants that have blossomed through the summer, or for several months previous, will not do. There is, perhaps, no one thing that has caused more disappointments and failures than want of attention to the thing here named. Many persons seem to think that if a plant is large and full of blossoms, it is, therefore, desirable But such plants have, in most cases, reached maturity, and if they are annuals, are just ready to perish; and in any case are less fitted to endure the change to which they are subjected in bringing them from the garden or green house to the close, dry parlor. Be sure to select small but thrifty growing plants.

In the next place, give your plants plenty of light during the day (not in all cases the noon-day sun) and darkness and a cooler atmosphere at night. Plants will no more endure late hours or a stifling heat at night than human beings. One reason, and it is a great reason, why plants drop their leaves on being brought into the house is the dry, suffocating heat by night as well as by day.

"The reason," says a practical florist, "of so many window plants showing long, white, leafless stalks, with a tuft of leaves on the end, is too great heat and too little light. Proportion the two and you obtain a short, stocky, healthy growth. In rooms this proportion is always unequal. In winter there are eight hours of sun to sixteen of darkness; we keep the plants at a temperature of seventy to eighty degrees all the twenty-four hours. In the greenhouse, on the contrary, the temperature falls to forty degrees at night, rising by the heat of the sun by day to a maximum of seventy." The mode of heating the rooms in which plants are kept cannot be controlled altogether by the needs of the plants, but must be controlled, to a great extent, by the appliances in use for warming the rooms. Still, whatever be the appliance in use for heating the rooms, it should be connected with some method of throwing moisture into the air, as by the constant evaporation of moisture.

A furnace is injurious to plants, by reason of its dry heat only; the little gas escaping from a good furnace is not sufficient to affect plants injuriously. But, if possible, avoid the use of illuminating gas in the room where plants are kept. The products of its combustion, especially if the gas contains sulphur compounds, is very injurious to all plants, fatal, indeed, to the more delicate.

Again, cleanliness is essential to the health of plants. Mr. Vick, of Rochester, somewhere tells us that one of the greatest enemies of house plants is dust. We endorse this statement. The leaves of plants are covered on both sides with little mouths, called "stomata," through which they breathe. These apertures are extremely minute, and, therefore, easily stopped. These stomata differ in number in the leaves of different plants, from several hundreds to more than one hundred and fifty thousand to the square inch of a leaf. We are careful to bathe ourselves frequently, lest, as we say, the pores of the skin become obstructed, yet we allow our plants to go unwashed for a whole winter when their pores are much smaller, more delicate and numerous than those of the body. It is well to wash both the upper and under side of the leaves with tepid water once a week, using a sponge or soft cloth. However, when plants have hairy leaves, a syringe is best. This latter class of plants are somewhat impatient of water upon their leaves.—*Christian Advocate.*

### A HOLLAND DAIRY.

The best pupils of the Agricultural College at Grignon, in France, are sent, at the public expense, on an excursion each year, to examine the improvements in some agricultural district. In 1876 they visited Holland, and gave an account of a 500 acre farm, reclaimed from Haarlem Lake. After this land was drained and rendered fit for miscellaneous crops, Mr. Amersfoordt devoted it principally to dairy purposes, keeping the justly celebrated black or Holstein breed. Many of his cows are said to produce 4,865 quarts yearly; the average yield per cow being 13 quarts per day, or an annual yield of 4,000 quarts per cow. It is said that sixty-six gallons of milk produce eighteen lbs. of butter and forty pounds of cheese; and that the average gross income per cow is about $112 of our money. This large gross income per cow is made from the large quantity of milk yielded, and not from the peculiar richness of the milk; for sixty-six Dutch gallons would weigh fully 660 pounds, so that it requires 36.66 lbs. to make a pound of butter and 11½ lbs. of milk to mak a pound of cheese, whilst we often make a pound of cheese from ten pounds of milk—that is, one pound of butter and two pounds of cheese from thirty pounds of milk.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

A Choice in Cows.—A French chemist thinks he has found some very remarkable differences in the effect of climate upon cows, the differences being between the various breeds. The Salers breed gives milk that has less butter and more casein in summer than in winter. The Ferraud breed, on the contrary, produces a milk that contains more butter in summer than in winter. The milk of the Charollais breed differs but little. These breeds are all from Auvergne. Normandy cows, according to this authority, give a milk that contains much butter and little casein. If such differences could be fully established, a selection would have to be made for localities that depend upon cheese-making or butter-making, for in the modern way of producing these articles in large factories it will evidently make a considerable difference whether the milk for a cheese factory is drawn from butter-making or from cheese-making cows. Some doubt has been thrown upon this chemist's methods of study, but the subject certainly deserves attention, and nowhere more than in America.—*Galaxy.*

—The *Prairie Farmer* says that so much attention has been excited of late in regard to artichokes as food for stock, and especially hogs, the following table giving analyses of their value as flesh and fat formers, as against the other vegetables named, will be interesting. It will be seen that in carbonaceous matter—starch or its equivalent—they are inferior only to the potato. In this connection it should be remembered that in the West no vegetables can be afforded to be raised as a substitute for corn; but as aids thereto, in keeping animals in health during winter, vegetables have a distinct value, and when fed in connection with corn assist the animals materially in their capability to assimilate not only corn, but the cereal grains generally. The table is as follows:

| | *Flesh Formers.* | *Fat Formers.* |
|---|---|---|
| Potatoes | 14 | 189 |
| Carrots | 6 | 66 |
| Parsnips | 12 | 70 |
| Mangolds | 4 | 102 |
| Sugar Beets | 9 | 136 |
| White Turnips | 1 | 40 |
| Artichokes | 10 | 188 |

Here it will be seen that potatoes contains 203 *parts of nutriment and artichokes 198 parts in* 1,000 parts; while the turnip, that has made English agriculture a living progress, contains only 41 parts in 1,000. What has made English agriculture progressive through the cultivation of roots is the fact that they may be fed on the land, without gathering. In our climate the root crop must not only be fed, but they must be protected from frost. The artichoke is perfectly hardy, of the easiest cultivation, and swine may help themselves at will, when the ground is not frozen.

—An abstract of Herr Von Hensen's investigation into the agricultural value of worms appears in the *Nineteenth Century*. In order to ascertain the precise part taken by the worm in making vegetable mold he tried the following experiment:—Two worms were placed in a glass vessel filled with sand, on the surface of which was spread a layer of fallen leaves. The worms set to work at once, and after about six weeks the surface of the sand was found to be covered with a layer of mold nearly half an inch deep, while many leaves had been carried to a depth of three inches. Worm tubes ran in all directions through the sand; some were quite fresh, others had a wall of mold an eighth of an inch thick, others again were completely filled with mold. In short, the soil of the vessel was already perfectly well prepared for the growth of plants. Herr Von Hensen finds that, although the earth worm weighs only about 46 grains, it produced in four hours nearly eight grains of *excrementitious matter*. On an average he finds about 34,000 worms to an acre of ground. Their combined weight is therefore over 220 pounds, and they produce about 37 pounds of mold in 24 hours. Besides this they produce a uniform distribution of the mold, open up passages in the subsoil for roots, and render the subsoil fertile.

—In answer to enquiry about orchard grass at the New York Farmers' Club, a member replied that all beasts are fond of it, both as grass and hay. Orchard grass is permanent, while clover is short-lived. It grows in the shade; hence is called orchard grass, and any soil is suitable, if not wet. For pasturage this member values orchard grass, because, first, it stands drought better than any other, will bear heavier stocking, and comes forward in the spring very early. It also by its great amount of fibrous roots, improves, instead of impoverishes the soil. It is not, however, fit for a lawn, as it is liable to grow in bunches, especially when sown alone or when sown thin. In soils where clover will grow there are no two grasses that can be sown together with greater advantage than red clover and orchard grass. They grow and flower together, come to maturity about the same time, and the clover is supported from falling by the uncommon strength of the orchard grass. When sown alone, John Henderson recommends two bushels per acre of orchard grass. When sown with clover, one bushel is sufficient.

—Last year, at the Michigan Agricultural College, Prof. Beal caused a number of the Northern Spy apple trees to be severely thinned of their profusion of young fruit with the intention of trying whether the bearing could not be changed. Every other year a profusion of fruit was gathered, and the off year there was a scarcity. It is stated that every tree that had been thinned of its fruit last year, was bearing a fair average crop of fruit this year, and the trees that had not been thinned, but let alone, as is the usual custom of orchardists, were standing next to them without any fruit on them.

—At the Belchertown show the great attraction was the trained oxen of Darius Morgan. They are five years old and weigh 3800, can be driven with or without a yoke, at command will lie down, sit up, walk on their knees, pass around each other, &c. They were also, one at a time, placed on a bench 6 feet long 4 2-3 feet wide and 23 inches high, on which they performed many marvellous feats, and then both got on and performed. Cattle were the first thing at the show and horses the second.

## DOMESTIC.

### PREVENTION OF DAMPNESS.

Dampness in walls is often a great annoyance to housekeepers, and in moist climates good precautions should be taken to keep it out of the walls and buildings. It may be prevented from rising in brick or stone walls by a thorough application of asphaltum to the upper portion of the foundation, or to several of the lower tiers of brick. Asphaltum thoroughly applied to the outside of brick work will also prevent the ingress of dampness. The walls may be painted over the asphaltum, if desired.

Another method is also recommended by a leading scientific paper, as follows: Three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap are to be dissolved with one gallon of boiling water, and the hot solution spread steadily with a flat brush over the outer surface of the brick work, taking care that it does not lather; this is to be allowed to dry for twenty-four hours, when a solution formed of *a quarter of a pound of* alum, dissolved in two gallons of water, is to be applied in a similar manner over the coating of soap. The operation should be performed in dry, settled weather. The soap and alum mutually decompose each other, and form an insoluble varnish which the rain is unable to penetrate, and thus cause of dampness is thus effectually removed.

Alum is also a valuable preventive of mildew. Cloths or other fabrics dipped into strong alum water, are proof against mildew, no matter how much they may afterwards be exposed to damps or other causes favoring the growth of this disagreeable fungus.

*About a year ago, says a correspondent of the Journal of Chemistry*, I was filling up a large scrap book, and in the course of my work used in connection with it a goodly amount of paste, a small quantity that had alum in it. A spell of wet weather coming on before my book was dry, caused it to mildew badly throughout, except where the alum paste had been used; there no trace of mildew was to be seen. Upon observing this, I began trying various experiments with alum as a mildew preventive, all of which succeeded, though put to the most severe tests. I therefore feel that I have, by the merest accident, made a valuable discovery, and as such I take pleasure in offering it to the public—*Pacific Rural Press.*

### WEIGHING AND MEASURING.

Weighing is the most trustworthy; but so many articles are made requiring tablespoonfuls, teaspoonfuls, cupfuls, etc., that it is quite impossible to prepare everything by weight. No two families are likely to have cups, tumblers, or spoons of the same size; but after a little experience one learns to become tolerably accurate. We give a table of measures that may be a guide for the inexperienced:

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 tablespoonfuls | ½ gill. |
| 8 tablespoonfuls | 1 gill. |
| 2 gills | ½ pint. |
| 4 gills | 1 pint. |
| 2 pints | 1 quart. |
| 4 quarts | 1 gallon. |
| ½ gallon | ¼ peck. |
| 1 gallon | ½ peck. |
| 2 gallons | 1 peck. |
| 4 gallons | ½ bushel. |
| 8 gallons | 1 bushel. |

A common sized tumbler holds half a pint.
A common sized wine-glass holds half a gill.
One quart of sifted flour equals one pound.
One quart corn-meal equals one pound two ounces.
One quart of powdered sugar equals one pound seven ounces.
One quart closely packed butter equals two pounds.
One quart granulated sugar equals one pound nine ounces.
A piece of butter the size of an egg weighs about two ounces.
Ten eggs are equal to one pound.
Four ordinary teacups of liquid are equal to one quart.

Graduated glass measures, found at any chemist's, are a great convenience to all housekeepers.

One Way to Save Labor.—Two or three years ago, when from poor health I was unable to stand on my feet very long at a time, I learned when making a garment to always give a thought to the ironing of it, and to trim it accordingly. I found that children's everyday clothes look about as well trimmed with a bias piece of the same, or the stripe of some other kind, as when ruffled, and they were so much easier laundried. Indeed, it saved so much time and strength that I have ever since made their clothes plainly, feeling it to be of far greater importance for a mother to be able to be with her children in the future years to come, than it is to wear out her body and temper while they are *small*, in fostering their vanity over ruffles and needless trimmings. I like to see children nicely dressed, and a clean, plainly made garment looks much better, in my opinion, than an over-trimmed soiled one that you have a child wear just half a day longer because you so dread the ironing.—*The Household.*

## RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

*(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)*

CHAPTER I.

In a miserable part of London, far away from all the fashionable quarters and thoroughfares, yet almost close to a large railway station, is a long, wretched-looking street, with here and there shops on either side—if indeed shops such places can be called—consisting of boards resting on the pavement covered with old boots, shoes, pieces of tin, leather, backs of books, empty medicine bottles, pill boxes, dirty cord, string, decayed apples, hard, dusty-looking dry figs, nuts, sour oranges, salt herrings, broken pots and pans, knives with broken blades, and lots of handles without blades, rusty bird-cages, old mouse-traps, old clothes, old pieces of soap picked up from the dust-heap, ends of cigars, matches, old pipes, and many other articles of about much the same value, are displayed for sale; whilst the owners of all this heterogeneous stock, with their family, live, or rather exist, in a dreary cellar, only seeing the light of day, or getting a breath of fresher air, as they scramble up from the darkness within, standing either on a box, or if lucky enough to possess one, a tumble-down chair, whilst they push their heads through the aperture left between their dwelling-place and the next story, as they look eagerly out for purchasers of their stores.

Now if you had been passing up or down this street about two o'clock one cold October day not quite a year ago, you would I am sure have hurried along, anxious to get out of such wretched quarters, unless you had stopped for a moment or two attracted by two little heads and small white faces peering above the board in front of one of these miserable cellars, longing to catch the attention of the passers-by, and with much difficulty stretching out their bony, red little hands as they endeavored to place what they considered the most tempting of their goods in a more prominent and enticing position.

Ragged, dirty, ill-conditioned-looking little creatures they were, but as quick, earnest, and sharp in their desire after gain as many double their age.

"Rag," whispered the brother to the sister, "look at that 'oman a'miring of our apples; just shove 'em a bit more round, so as to show the betterer side.—No," catching hold of her hand, "don't go an' turn 'em jist under her nose; she sees what your arter an' off she goes; yer not half sharp to-day—what's up?"

"Nothin's up as I know of, 'cept I'm that hungry I could eat anythin', an' we mustn't meddle with all this; it's for other folks an' not for us." Here the poor little drawn face puckered up.

"Don't, don't look i' that fashion, Rag. What iver are yer arter? Here, munch that," and the boy drew a crust of bread from some part of his tattered clothes.

"Why, where did you get it? Is it your breakfast Tag, not eaten?"

"Niver you mind—eat it, an' ax no questins."

"But you'll want your dinner right down bad; here, let's go shares,' and thethin little fingers quickly tore the bread in half.

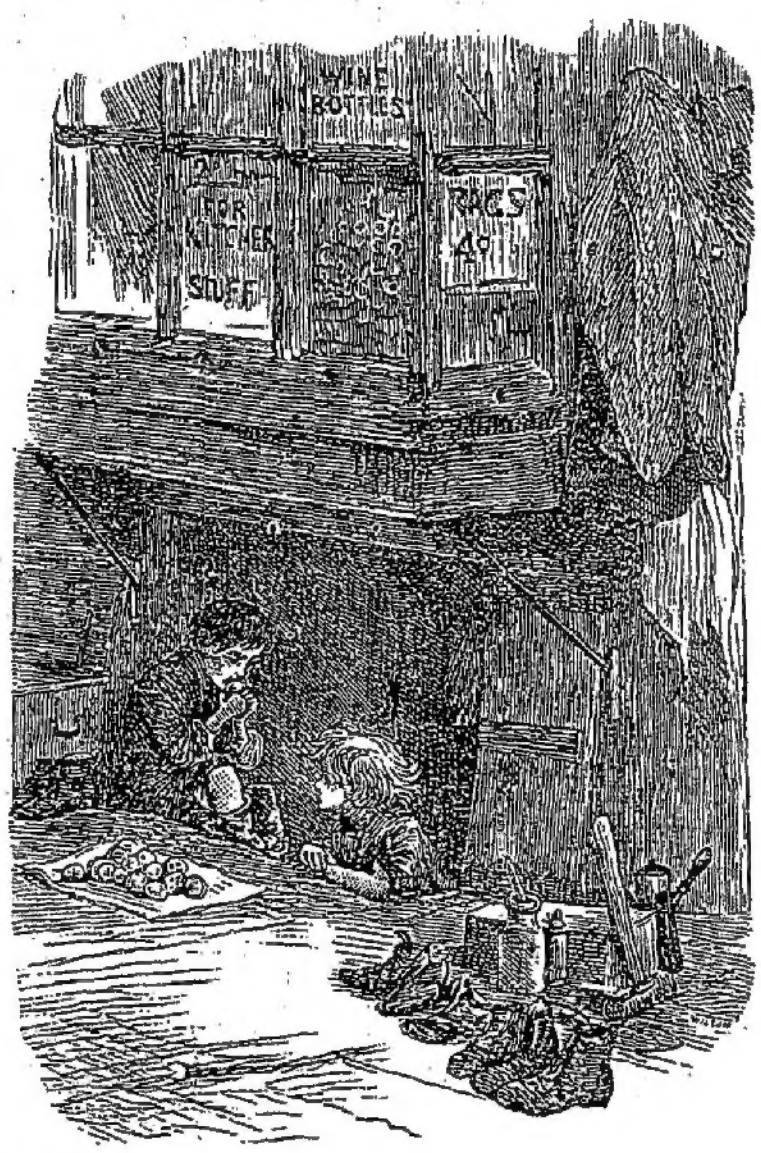
"Well, yes, I be's a bit empty like, so I'll take your a'wice, an' I say, let's take an apple each; we can tell 'em to-night, if they're wide awake enough to count 'em, as some 'un prigged 'em."

"We tried that once afore, an' worn't we beat just! It hurts my soldgers even yet to think of it," and the poor little shoulders screwed themselves together.

"Niver mind; who's afraid? here goes," and Tag boldly bit into one of the disagreeable-looking apples. "I tell yer what, Rag, a thought has com'd into my head; it com'd when I saw yer soldgers go up like that; but it's a great big thought, an' we ain't got werry much time at this moment—let us try first an' sell all this ere old rubbage, then I'll tell yer."

"Old rubbage!" interrupted Rag in an awe-stricken voice; "it's beautiful goods."

"No it ain't—I tell you I know betterer; if ye had see'd what I once see'd, you'd know if this was rubbage or not. I tell yer what, Rag," and the child bent his closely-cropped head close to his companion; "all this ere' is nothin' but odds an' ends swept away from places where the parties are too grand even to look at 'em, an' the 'dreadful ones' pick 'em up for nothin' at all."




RAG AND TAG IN CHARGE.

Rag's open eyes and mouth expressed a good deal, but she said nothing. That her mind had been wonderfully enlightened within the last few moments by Master Tag's bold announcement was shown by her deliberately choosing out a very decayed, uncomfortable-looking fig, and exclaiming, "There yor goes for a nasty, bad thing as yor are!" suddenly gave it a fillip with her second finger and thumb, which sent it flying high up in the air across the pavement into the street, much to her own and Tag's delight.

"Well done!" he laughed; "that wor a rare good shot; yer nearly hit that old gen'leman on the nose; he looks quite scared yet. But mind what yer arter; don't go an' get too venturesome all of a heap; 'mem-the soldgers——."

"What tracks your 'tention, young man?" enquired Miss Rag pompously of a small urchin about ten years old, who was kneeling on the pavement looking at and fingering some of the dirty cord lying in a heap on the board. "Fingers off, if you please."

"Father wants a pennorth of that cord," and he threw a copper down; "and he says if he gets good measure, there'll be some more wanted."

"Let's see," said Tag, and he nudged Rag. "I'm the seller of this. Give us hold of your scissors, missis;" and taking up the rusty old pair that hung round Rag's neck, after much sawing and hacking he got the cord severed, and sent the boy away quite content with his bargain.

"Tag," said Rag, with an air of grave rebuke as she wound the remnant up again, "you must not go on at that rate. What will the 'dreadful ones' say if they are able to 'square up' to-night, and find so little got for all this ere beautiful—rubbage!" and Rag smiled, a pitiful yet half-amused little smile.

"That's not quite such rubbage—that's pretty fair," remarked Tag, feeling the cord; "it's this, and this, and this," pointing to the various goods before them, "which in the grand parts would be kicked out. Now that old pair of shoes——"

"But those are splendid, Tag; wouldn't I like 'em just!" and Rag curled up her poor little cold bare feet one over the other.

"Yes, we think 'em splendid, and I'd like to wear 'em myself—but lor! they're gim-cracky things really. Just lengthen out your neck a bit and watch that pair a-passin' close to your face: do you think that there little cove would say thankee for these?" Rag looked, shook her head solemnly, sighed, picked up the pair of shoes, and laid them down with an air of contempt, as much as to say, "I would not have you in a present!" although the whole time her little heart was going out in huge longings for them.

"That's yer sort, Rag; you *have* got pluck; shy 'em on one side— they're not worth wanting; and if you did want 'em ever so bad you'd not get 'em.

But never mind: p'raps you'll be gettin' a pair far betterer than those before long."

"The idee of me in a pair of shoes! Why, Tag, you and I don't know the feel of 'em even, 'cept with our hands or in a dream. Do you think they'd be comfor'able? I 'spects we should walk werry much in the fashion of that poor black and white cat we saw walking along in nut-shells one day; lor! how she scratched when you tugged 'em off."

"Didn't she just!" and Tag laughed feebly at the remembrance; "and how she scuttled away from the 'dreadful ones' when they tried to grab her!"

"And wouldn't I scuttle away from 'em too, if I could!" sighed Rag.

Tag's thin pale cheek colored up as if he had been struck; and his large eyes sparkled, but he said nothing; and before Rag had time to make any further complimentary remarks concerning the "dreadful ones," the boy who had bought the cord came back again for more.

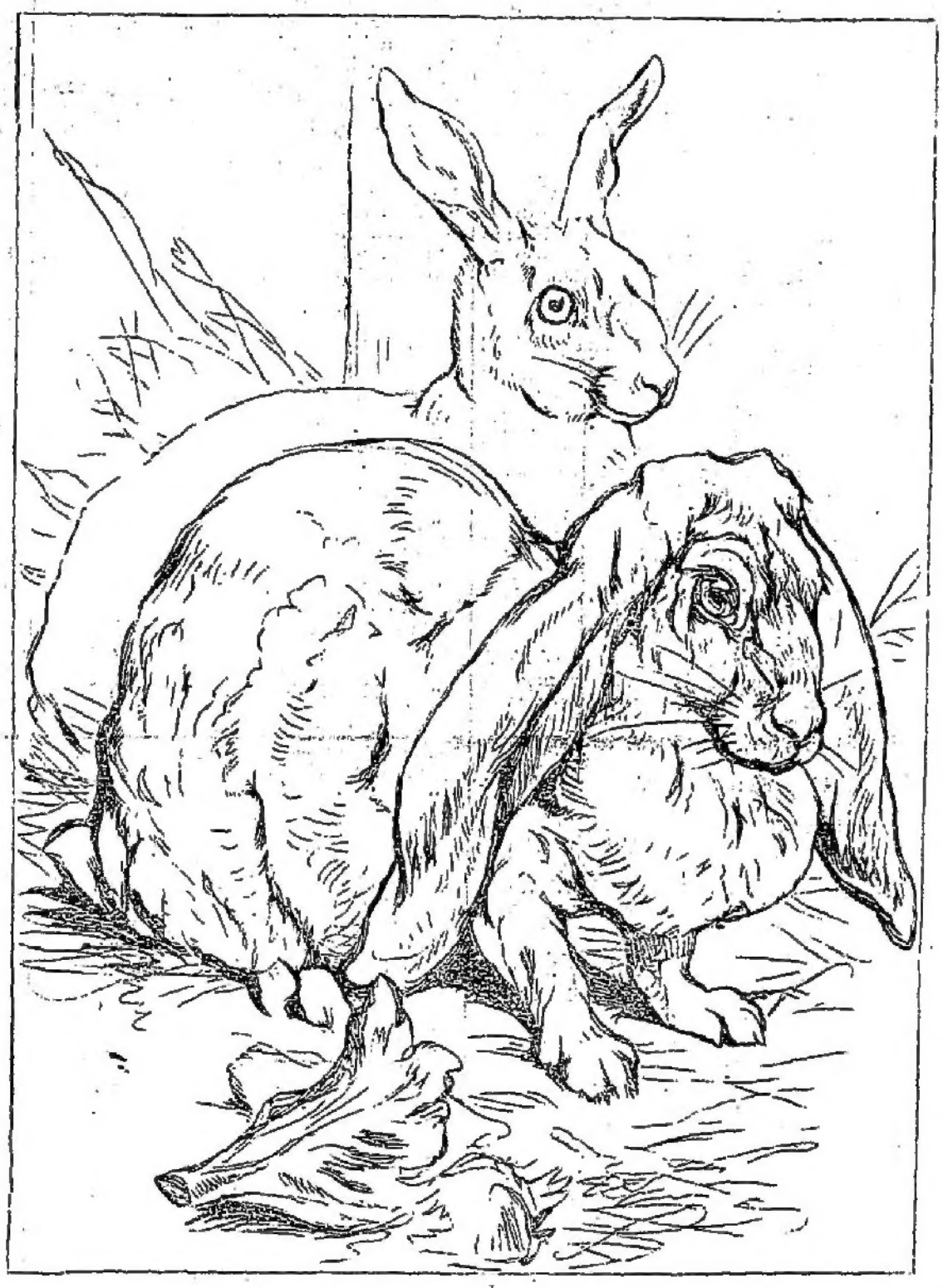
"Here, guv'nor!" he exclaimed to Tag, "Give us that bunch of cord and I'll give you this 'ere," holding up sixpence.

"Sixpence, and for that lot!" repeated Tag, with a glance of withering scorn, at the same time elbowing Rag beneath the board to help him to bring the boy to a sense of the enormity of his sin in endeavoring to drive such a hard bargain, "for such a werry good article"—who taking the hint, with as much dignity as she was mistress of, and greatly at the risk of tipping up the box on which she was elevated, stretched out her poor little arms, and picking up the bundle of cord held it out towards the boy, exclaiming with all the irony she could throw into her small voice—"By all means, young man, take it, for we could 'ford better to give it in a gift than ask sich a low price as that. You should be shamed of yerself, that yer should—the idee of coming cheating poor peoples likes us."

Not as much abashed by any means as he should be by this indignant outbreak on the part of the young master and mistress ot the shop, the boy muttered, "Father sent me; but you are two cross-grained imps; I never met your like afore."

"Nor ever will again—'member that, young un," called out Tag, as the boy walked away. "We knows our dooty, and we sticks to it."

"Yes, that we does," cried Rag; but the tears were standing in her eyes for very disappointment; "'twas a sixpence, Tag—a real gen'ine sixpence; why ever didn't you pocket it? We'll never get another to-day, and—and—I'm so precious cold and hungry." Here a tear came down her cheek, and fell on the old knives.



DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a Drawing Lesson for the young.

—*Infants' Magazine.*

"Put that t'otherer one back as is coming, Rag; put it back—I knows what I'm about, little un; he'll be back agin afore long; don't let another tear fall."

And Tag was right; back came the red-haired boy. "'Ere's eightpence for you, and give me the cord, for two skin-flints as you are."

"Give us that 'a'penny in yer hand and it's your's; that'll still leave you one 'a'penny for yerself. I can see further than you think for; yer father gave yer ninepence. I see'd yer hiding those there two 'a'pennies in yer fist; but the missis is cold and clam'd, and I wants to get her somethin' quick, so give us the eightpence-'a'penny, take the cord, and off yer go, Mr. Carrots. There, Rag, that's somethin' like; see, here goes the money," and he put it into a small leather bag secured by a boot-lace round his waist, under the tattered rags that served for trousers. "Now we've earned our dinner, let's pull the board in for a little; no 'un will come for a bit just now. I'll go and get a 'apporth of bread, and you toast that big red 'errin' lying atop there, down below."

"But, Tag, that's our 'tempter;' we'd betterer take one from underneath, one o' the smaller 'uns."

"Do, as I bid you, Rag. Lor! how gals do argufy. We'll eat the 'tempter,' and tempt 'em as wants to buy without it—turn their backs up, and in dusk-light they'll tempt well enough. Now set to work and toast while I get the crust o' bread."

For a moment after his departure little Rag looked thoughtful; then shutting up her mouth very tight she replaced the "tempter"—a really well-built herring, of so much larger proportions than the others that it attracted the attention of the passers-by, and was quietly slipped off the heap by Rag and Tag, whilst the smaller ones were urged upon their customers as being "right down fresh and good, and less bone in 'em." Quickly did Rag's thin fingers snatch two of the "right down good" smaller "'uns" from their resting place, and making a fire in one corner of the cellar with some old pieces of paper between four bricks she laid the herrings upon the flames, and as soon as the paper had burnt itself out the fish were cooked.

"Well, Rag"—and Tag came tumbling into the cellar—"if we ain't in luck's way to-day I bain't I; see 'ere and see 'ere," and to Rag's delighted gaze he displayed a large piece of cold plum-pudding and a small loaf.

Rag did not speak; she only looked—looked again—and finally, like little Jack Horner of old, put out her thumb and pulled out a large currant from the middle of the beautiful-looking piece of plum-pudding, and popped it into her mouth.

"Hah!" laughed little Tag, good-humoredly; "I knew you'd be arter that trick, and as I com'd along I pulled and scraped at that there werry 'un as you've taken, so that it might be easy to get; but let's 'ave our 'errin' first, then ——"

"No, Tag," and Rag laid her hand solemnly on his bare arm; "that there fine stuff first, and 'errin' arter."

But Tag would not agree to this. "No, the 'errin' first; for we're so werry precious empty inside we should eat so quick we'd never taste the taste of this 'ere, and mebbe we'll never in all our lives get a sight or ta ste ofit again."

"'Ere you are, then," and Rag held a herring towards Tag.

"Ain't you agoin' to 'ave a bit, Rag? Lor! how small the 'tempter' has frizzled to. I wish as I'd taken your a'vice and 'ad two small 'uns; there'd been more for us."

(*To be Continued.*)

## The Family Circle.

### HEART-BREAK.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Ah! go with your cold, cold comfort.
It matters not what is said,
You cannot undo God's doing,
You cannot restore my dead.

Why tell me of saintly patience,
Of hearts that can all resign?
Will thoughts of another's losses
Lessen one throe of mine?

You mean it for solace, tender
As sorrow could lean upon;
But what does it all avail me?
The terrible truth stays on.

You talk of a holy quiet:
"The darling has gone to God."
The darling *I* kissed, *I* fondled,
*My* darling is under the sod!

Oh! blue, bluest eyes, whose beauty
Made pallid the purest sky,
Was your far-away look prophetic?
Were ye fashioned so just to die?

Who said that the angels in Heaven
Amidst of their praise might pause,
As inward she stole—my baby—
To marvel how fair she was?

Ah! thanks for the soothing vision;
But the grief that I nurse is wild,
And it cannot repress the wailing,
"*Had God any need of the child?*"

*One face* missed out of the *faces*
That halo his throne, one dim,
Young voice from the Alleluias—
How little that were to *Him!*

One presence my strained arms filling,
One brow that I faint to see,
One whisper to thrill my silence—
How all of the world to *me!*

I pray that I may not murmur;
I know it is God's own hand;
His patience will bear with a sorrow
Too frenzied to understand.

"Sometime, when the loss wears lighter,
The heart may heal of its break,"
*Sometime?* You are kind to say it;
But now give it leave to ache.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

### THE ANTI-FASHION SOCIETY.

"Miss Florence Leslie is down stairs, Miss Grace!"

"Well, Katy, send her right up here to me!" and Grace Adams sprang up from her listless attitude, and met her friend with great effusion.

"I am so glad you came, Floy dear," said Grace, "for I am so blue that everything appears of an indigo hue."

Florence returned her friend's doleful speech with a laugh, and, taking a low rocker, threw aside her hat and said:

"Now tell me all about it, Gracie."

"Well, we've had such a scene!"

"Why, what has happened?" queried Florence in alarm.

"Nothing serious; don't worry," said Grace, laughing at the distress visible in her friend's face.

"You see," she continued, "I asked papa this morning for money to buy a dress for Emma Clare's party, and he told me plainly that I had been so much expense to him lately that he really could not afford me a new dress just now; isn't it too bad?"

"Well!" answered Florence.

"Well, the case is just this: I must try to make over this silver and blue!"

"Why, Grace, that lovely dress! You have scarcely worn it!"

"I know it, but it was made last year, and it is all out of date. It is the most suitable dress I have, if it was only in style, and I am afraid there isn't enough for the long overskirt, and—oh, dear, I've a great mind not to go at all!"

Tears of vexation filled her eyes, and her brow was wrinkled with frowns most unbecoming.

"Don't alter it; wear it just as it is," suggested Florence.

"Florence Leslie, are you crazy?" demanded Grace in astonishment.

"Not at all," was the reply. "If you will wear that without change, I will wear my green silk and white that was made even before yours, although papa gave me money for a new dress yesterday."

"What *do* you mean, Floy?"

"Just what I say, my dear; will you agree to it?"

"Why do you propose it?" asked Grace, still unable to believe her ears.

"Because, Grace, I've been having a think, 'all alone by myself,' as little Ettie says, and I have come to the conclusion that we girls spend too much time, thought and care on dress. We spend one-half the time at a dressmaker's, having new dresses made, and the other half in our own rooms, fixing over. Now I've decided that I will not do it any longer, and I want you to help me in instituting a reform in our set in that respect."

"But what *will* you do?" asked Grace, with great interest.

"Plenty of things," was the reply. "When I need a new dress, I'll get as nice as I want, and have it made in as pretty style as possible; then I'll wear it until it is not fit to wear, no matter how many styles intervene. English ladies of rank and wealth wear their clothes out the way they are first made, but we poor American girls must spend all our time energy and strength in devising ways and means to follow every new fashion that appears. The consequence is, we do not take enough out-door exercise to keep us in health; we neglect home duties; we neglect all means of culture, and narrow our minds down to the contemplation of silks, ribbon, feathers and flowers. We assemble at evening parties, and, having devoted every thought and energy to our dress, we can think and talk of nothing else but appearance. No wonder gentlemen stoop to converse with us; we have no ennobling topic to talk on. It is a shameful waste!"

As Florence finished Grace said:

"Well done, Floy; you are an enthusiast! But if you do as you propose, what will you do with your regained time and money?"

"I shall study, for one thing; and gather a valuable library, instead of closets full of old dresses. Now you understand my plan, will you join me? Will you wear that dress unchanged to Emma Clare's party?"

"I will!" cried Grace, with unwonted energy. "I'll join you with all my heart? It will rid me of ever so much anxiety! I believe I should not have nervous headache so often if I didn't have to worry so much about what to wear!"

"Just so," replied Florence.

"And you spoke of neglected home duties," continued Grace. "It is true, I have neglected some duties this morning, to worry over this dress. Poor little Nina wanted me to practice a duet with her, and I was too cross to do it."

"Find her and try it now," suggested Florence; "I want to hear it!"

"All right, and then I'll walk until dinner-time, and try to get to feeling better," said Grace, bustling around to get ready.

About half an hour after, little Nina, say, but pleased, was trying her new duet with sister Grace, while darling Florence Leslie smiled encouragingly upon her effort. Grace felt guilty when the child threw her arms around her neck and said: "Thank you, sister, you are so good!"

Time passed rapidly away, and Mr. Adams was quite surprised that he didn't hear Grace complain about her party dress. Finally his wife said to him:

"My dear, Grace has acted very sensibly, I think. If you could afford her a dress, it would greatly please me."

Mr. Adams thought for some time, and then said, "Well, I'll see.'

That day at dinner he handed Grace a roll of bills, and said: "Here, Gracie, perhaps I can spare that amount for your dress. I should like to let you have all you wish, but 'tis impossible."

But Grace did not take the money. "Thank you, papa," said she, "but my dress is already provided for Wednesday evening."

Mrs. Adams looked her astonishment.

"Yes, mamma," said Grace merrily, "I am to wear my silver and blue."

"Why isn't it made over, then?"

"Because I am going to wear it as it is."

And then Grace recounted the arguments that Florence had used to her. Mrs. Adams was only brought to allow her daughter to appear in an old dress because Florence Leslie would do so, and Grace was unmolested in her "new notion," as her mother called it.

The evening of the party came, and amid a throng of lovely girls Florence and Grace reigned supreme. Florence was standing with a gentleman friend in the recess leading to the conservatory, and overheard one young lady say to another:

"Just look at Grace Adams. She is wearing the same dress she wore to my party a year ago!"

"Yes, but how pretty she looks!" was the answer.

"She always looks well, but what can possess her to wear that dress to-night?"

"I can tell you," said Florence, stepping quickly forward, "don't you see that I wear an old dress, too? Grace and I have organized an anti-fashion society, and we want you to join us!"

She then went over her arguments in so earnest a manner that the girls caught her spirit, and promised their influence, while the gentleman, whom Florence in her enthusiasm had forgotten, clapped his hands, and exclaimed:

"Well done, Miss Leslie, you are right! We gentlemen admire taste in dress, but not a blind devotion to all the ridiculous fashions that come up. Success to your new society. Let us hear from it occasionally."

The influence of these two right-thinking girls affected a large circle. They organized a reading-club, and provided themselves with all the desirable books in the different departments of literature, while the improvement in the tone of society was everywhere visible.

"Girls," said Bertha Ashton, as she entered the club-room one afternoon, "I believe I shall introduce another innovation! Do you see that dress?" and she raised the bottom of her skirt as she spoke. "Filth and dirt!" she continued, in tones of disgust. "I shall have all my dresses clear the ground hereafter, and resign my office of street-sweeper forever! Who will join me?"

"I, I!" cried the girls.

"If you have any of my experience, you feel delightfully free, since it is found not necessary to follow every freak of fashion!" said Grace Adams.

"That is my experience," added Floy Leslie. "I am healthier, happier, better in temper and morals, and have had time to get much information. What is it, Bertha?"

"I say, anti-fashion forever!"—*Mrs. F. A. R., in Standard (Chicago).*

### BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

BY MRS. G. W. FRENCH.

"I hope our next minister will be a worker and will not have an extravagant family."

"I wonder how many silk dresses Mrs. Rivers has. I have seen her wear three different ones, and I do think it is a shame for a minister's wife to set such an example."

"It certainly does not look well, especially when they are in debt at the stores, and complain so about the hard times."

"Well, I think Mr. Rivers gets all that belongs to him. His salary has not all been paid to be sure, but I do not think he has earned it, and you know it is said, 'If a man will not work neither shall he eat.'"

"He thinks he is not able to preach, I suppose."

"I guess he did have a pretty bad cold, and he coughs some yet, but that is no more than most of us have had and kept at work too."

"Well I hope the new minister will be a good preacher, for if we don't have a revival before long, the church will die a natural death. If he and his wife will only visit and be familiar with the people it will do a vast amount of good, and if she would attend the prayer-meetings it would be an encouragement. We have been quite unfortunate for several years in getting pastors whose wives were not active Christian workers."

This was a specimen of outside opinion concerning the Brookville pastor and his family. Come inside now.

The pastor and his wife were alone in the room that served as parlor and study; a pleasant room too, but scantily furnished, for the Brookville parish was professedly poor, and the present incumbent had found a home in similar places too long to patronize furniture and carpet dealers very extensively. The minister lay upon a sofa, holding a book, but a close observer would have known he was not reading; there was a troubled, anxious look in his eyes, an expression indicative of physical pain and heart-sorrow lingered around his mouth. His wife sat near, mending a well-worn garment. She too looked careworn and weary. By-and-by the book dropped.

"Mary, there is no use trying it any longer. I am going to leave the ministry and go to work at something else."

"What for?"—in a dreary, absent sort of way.

"Because I am not capable of working in a way that will do good under such discouraging circumstances. You know how earnest and zealous I was when I came here. I knew it was a barren field, but I thought it had not been properly cultivated. I gave them the best sermons I was capable of producing, and during that first protracted effort you know how I worked; worked in every way, worked until my strength was gone, yes, and health too, for I have never been myself since, and what has it all amounted too?"

"Some seed fell in good ground."

"Yes, there are a very few who have proved true, but more have gone back to the world, and I tell you their example and the faults of church-members are edged tools used by Satan to good advantage."

"What do you think is the cause of so many falling away?"

"Most of the converts were young; knew very little about the Bible, still less about Christian duties and privileges. They needed instruction, encouragement, sympathy. The brethren and sisters labored with me to bring them to Christ, then they seemed to think their work was done, that 'feed my lambs' applied only to me. I tried to do my part, and more, but I could not do all. Criticism too has had a chilling, blighting influence. I know I sometimes say what had better be left unsaid, words that I am heartily sorry for when I take the second thought. But it seems to me that if among much good I have spoken there have been occasional careless, imprudent speeches, they have been sifted out, ridiculed, censured, remembered, while the good was allowed to pass unnoticed, its aim unheeded. Another thing that discourages me is the state of our financial affairs. My salary is small, but if it were paid quarterly, or even semi-yearly, we could live comfortably and keep out of debt. But you know how little we get through the summer: I must wait until the time for sociables and donations, and even then it is not all paid; no year since I entered the ministry have I received the full amount of my salary. The brethren would think it a wicked wrong to keep back part of their hired men's wages, but defrauding the pastor of his just dues does not seem to trouble their conscience at all. If I ask for what is rightfully my own they think I am begging, or caring more for the fleece than for the flock. And then, Mary, I cannot bear to see you grow so prematurely old."

"There, Herbert, that will do. You have told your trouble, now let me tell mine. I know that I am growing old too rapidly. It is hard to keep the house and the children looking respectable on so limited means. So many ministerial brethren and book-agents dropping in to dinner, or tea, or to spend the night, make it harder still. I really need new clothing. I have been ashamed to wear those silk dresses ever since I was married. It is too much like 'patches on the knees and gloves on.' If father had given me money instead, I could have expended it much more judiciously. But the greatest trouble of all is, I am not fit for a minister's wife. I am not strong enough to take an active part in Christian work, and I was not born for a leader either. I can teach the children, read to the old folks, or some such thing, but I cannot make long speeches, or prayers, or preside over society meetings. That it is expected of me I am made to understand too well for my own peace of mind.

"Now all these troubles of yours and mine are discouraging, but let us remember that he in whose service we are engaged was a 'man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' He has trodden the path before us, climbed the steepest hills, ventured down into the misty valleys, over swollen, angry streams, and all along he left waymarks, footprints, that we might not go astray, or become discouraged. If we are tempted, he did not escape; if we suffer, he suffered more; if he triumphed over all, so may we, for has he not said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee?' When these dark hours come, let us tell Jesus all about it, adjust our armor a little more securely and toil on, 'hoping, trusting ever,'—

'Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting, as the days go by,
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.'"

—*Advocate and Guardian.*

### FLYING SQUIRRELS.

During my first year in college, I became the owner of three flying squirrels, and soon found that they could afford as much amusement and do as much mischief as a monkey; and, during the time that I owned them, we were never tired of watching them.

I kept them in the trap in which they were caught, a common wire rat trap, with a door at each end. This I placed upon a bracket on the wall between the two windows of the room, so that they could reach it easily by running up the window curtains, and jumping from them to the cage. In a short time they became so tame that the cage was fastened open, and left so all the time, and every night, about day-break, they would run up the curtain, jump into the cage, and curl up under the cotton with which it was filled, and sleep all day, rolled up with their tails wrapped around their bodies and covering their heads, so that they looked like little round fur balls. If they were disturbed during the day they were very sluggish and inactive, and hunted out another dark corner as soon as they were allowed their liberty; and no one who has seen them only in the daytime can understand what active, wide awake, mischievous animals they are after dark.

Sometimes they chose very odd places to hide and sleep in, when they were driven out of their nest in the day-time. The pockets and sleeves of the clothes which hung in the wardrobe were favorite hiding-places, and the bed was another. They would crawl in between the pillow-case and the pillow, and sleep there all day, and sometimes I have found all three

of them in bed with me when I awoke in the morning. They would climb up my coat-sleeve while I was studying, and go to sleep under my arm, and they were very angry if they were disturbed, although of course I could not sit still all day for their convenience.

About twilight every evening they would come out of their hiding-place and play around the room, and were as wide awake all night as they had been sleepy all day. They were very fond of playing in my hair, and often the first notice I would receive that they were out for the evening would be their coming down with a flying leap from the top of the window plump upon my head, as I sat reading or talking. When I was engaged in study, such an interruption was rather startling at first, as they always awoke and came out of the cage together, so that, before the first had time to recover his balance after his leap, the second would alight in the same place, and while they struggled with each other to gain a foot-hold the third would strike on top of them, and perhaps knock one or both of them off upon my collar or shoulders: but they usually jumped back on my head again, and for a minute or two I would have all three scuffling together in my hair.

In a short time I learned to expect this visit about dark every evening, and I was very much pleased to see that they soon learned to know me, and always selected my head when there were visitors in the room. I never discovered that my visitors felt slighted by this neglect, or were at all sorry that their heads were not favored in the same way.

They were very fond of perching upon the picture nails, and climbing upon the cord, and would often carry a nut up and sit there and eat it, and then drop the empty shell behind the picture.

They had one great feat which was very amusing. They would run up the side of the door-casing to the top, and then drop down to the door knob, and try to sit there; but as it was round and smooth they had great difficulty in clinging to it, and usually slipped off on the floor, one after the other, and raced back to the top of the door to try it again.

Occasionally one would almost succeed in gaining a seat upon the knob, but before he had time to get fairly balanced, another would drop down and strike him, and both would fall to the floor.

They would eat all kinds of nuts, but they seemed to be much fonder of insects, and were busy a great part of the evening catching the large moths and beetles which are so abundant in the early summer. They would hang by the claws of their hand-paws to the lower edge of the sash of an open window, and watch for an insect to fly past them. If it was near enough to reach they would seize and eat it as they hung in the window. If it was not near enough for them to reach it in this way, they would sail out into the room after it, and in most cases catch it before alighting.

Their large, projecting eyes, fitted for seeing in the night, and their power of sailing short distances through the air, fit them perfectly for the capture of insects; but nuts must furnish the larger part of their food, for they may be trapped in the dead of winter when there are so few insects that they can not depend upon them.

They have the instinct shared by most of the gnawing animals, such as mice, striped squirrels and beavers,—of storing up in the fall a supply of food to be used in the winter. One which I kept several years, after those of which I have been telling you, dropped nearly a peck of hickory nuts down a hole which a mouse had gnawed in the floor of my closet, thinking that he was storing up a rich supply which he could draw upon when he should need it.

They probably live upon nuts and seeds in the fall and winter, and their power of catching insects helps them to gain a living during the spring and early summer, when proper vegetable food is scarce, but insects very abundant.

Of course I need not tell you that the name "flying squirrel" is a mistake, as they do not really fly, and are furnished with true wings.

A very thin skin, covered with hair, like the rest of the body, joins the fore to the hind leg on each side, and thus forms a board sail which enables the animal to slide along through the air for some distance. Their legs are very short and weak, and they can not jump upward much more than a foot; but, by climbing up to some high place, such as a tall tree, and then sailing off into the air, they can slide for a hundred feet or more before reaching the ground. The tail is very broad and flat, and is used as a rudder to regulate the slope at which they shall fall. The rudder of the boat is used to turn the boat from side to side, so it is flattened vertically, and moves from side to side. The tail of a flying squirrel does not seem to be of very much assistance in turning from side to side, but it regulates their fall, so that they can come almost straight down to the ground, or sail off so as to come down very gradually.

Sometimes they come almost down to the ground very rapidly, then, just before they reach it they bend the tail so as to sail off for some distance, close to the ground. After they have sailed down from a high place in this way, and have thus acquired a good supply of force, they are able to change the position of the limbs and tail so as to go up some little distance, in the same way that a sled will slide up a short hill after it has gone down a long one, but of course they are not able to reach a point as high as that from which they started.

Mine were able to start from the top of the window, and sweep down almost to the floor, and then rise enough to catch the back of a chair on the opposite side of the room, which was about twenty-one feet deep.

In the woods, where they can start from a very great height, they make much longer flights than this.

The tail is also used to stop them, by bending it down so as to catch the air, when they wish to alight.

All of these uses of the tail for a rudder, require that it should be arranged on the opposite plan to the rudder of a boat, and we see why it must be flattened horizontally, and move up and down, instead of being flattened vertically, and moving from side to side.

It may be new to many persons who live in the city, to learn that the flying squirrel is fully as abundant and widely distributed as the chipmunk or striped squirrel, although it is not as often seen, since it lives among the tops of tall forest trees, and is seldom seen in the day-time.—*Prof. W. K. Brooke, in October Wide-Awake.*

## "HARRY'S FORGIVENESS."

"Don't I love you, Tommy! I'll give you a warm shake of the hand after class; you'll see!" said bright-eyed, open-faced Harry Dalton, as the boys gathered round their Sunday-school teacher one evening to practice the hymns for the next Lord's-day. Tommy Gibson had come in late as usual, and, as he took up his accustomed post near the harmonium, he appeared quite indifferent to this warm salutation.

As such loving expressions are rarely heard from our matter-of-fact English boys, the teacher glanced enquiringly from one to the other, and saw plainly that matters were not quite right between the boys.

Expressive glances of warning or defiance passed on both sides during the lesson, while the other boys, as they espoused the cause of either, rallied round their respective friends. It required no little amount of tact and patience on the part of the teacher to keep the attention of the class to the business in hand. When at length the last hymn had been mastered, and before the books could be collected and put away, Tommy had rushed off, followed by his friends and supporters.

Harry prepared to follow, on seeing which the teacher hastily turned round and caught him by the hand.

"Please let me go, teacher," said he, with a faint effort to free himself; "I have a word for Tommy Biggs; I do love him so!"

"What do you mean? you don't look very loving at this moment: Tommy also seems to doubt your love."

"I love him about as much as he loves me, so we are quits, teacher," replied Harry; "he is going to feel the weight of my hand, that's all."

"What has he done to vex you?" asked the teacher, still retaining a firm, yet gentle, hold of his wrist.

"He has been throwing stones at me, and one hit me right on the head and hurt me very much. I only want to pay him back; I believe he won't like to throw stones again."

The teacher looked full into the heated, passionate face of the boy, and quietly said, 'Harry, we have just been singing those sweet, beautiful hymns, which should have driven all angry feelings out of your mind. You said on Sunday you wished to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus; and doesn't He tell His disciples to forgive one another?"

"But, teacher, I have already forgiven him three or four times," urged Harry.

"That is not enough, Harry—'until seventy-times seven! However often Tommy may offend you you must always forgive him."

"A fellow, can't forgive forever, teacher," said Harry relenting somewhat.

"No, we can't forgive, but we must seek the grace of God's Holy Spirit to enable us to do so. Just you ask God to help you, and you will see how easy it is to forgive Tommy."

The teacher waited for an answer, and though it did not come directly in words, she saw by the altered and subdued expression in his face that her words had taken effect; she released her hold of his hand, and Harry, finding himself free, affected to look round for his enemy, saying, "Ah well, teacher, it is late; if he has escaped me to-night, there are more days than one in the year. I'll give it to him yet."

"No you won't, Harry, you will forgive him yet, and by doing so you will heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"Good-night, teacher," said Harry, as his bright eyes responded to his teacher's smile.

"Good-night, Harry," replied the teacher, satisfied that he was not yet prepared to confess he had been conquered."

Next Sunday morning his teacher was accosted with—"I have forgiven Tommy, teacher and told him so."

"Well, are you not much happier than if you had beaten him?"

"Yes, teacher," he frankly replied.

Thus Harry learnt his text by heart—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*The Christian.*

## A BIBLE FOR EACH.

Teach the Bible to the children, from the Bible. With patient carefulness teach the meaning of the words committed to memory. A Christian woman with careful training when a child, by the transposing of "m" from "them" to "is," believed the "m-is" to be a regular place like "the heaven and earth, the sea," while the text distinctly reads "and all that in them *is*." What ideas will children have without careful teaching of word and letter and spirit? A little boy whose home is in a costly house asked this startling question: "Is the Lord's Prayer in the Bible?" And a little girl's idea of guilt was something that shone and was bright, "like gilt paper."

The Lord is able to make alive, and clothe with power to his praise, the dry bones of lessons faithfully parrotized, which take no root in the hearts of the children for want of some hard word made plain. But how shall the teacher stand to make answer, whose work it is to prepare the way for the Lord, and to make the crooked ways straight? One of the very best of human helps in exalting the valleys and making the mountains low is a Webster's Unabridged English Dictionary. Teach the children how to read the Book, how to search for its treasures, where to find the promises, that when the lesson leaf has gone into the dust-heap, they may know where in the heavens of God's love they may look for the stars that give *light* in the night.

A little girl with a new Bible teased every day, "Tell me a place to find, "Give me a verse to look for;" and she was set to seek the verses where Jesus says "Follow me." What good did it do to search the Scriptures thus in her book? She will look again to find the same places, and the Lord himself shall say to her soul, "Follow me." For "my word," saith God, "shall not return unto me void."

Every child should have its own Bible. Each has its own way of using, keeping, and studying a book. One in a family of several members is not enough. The Book was evidently written for children as well as men of mind. Its stories are short, vivid, and pointed. Simplifying them by elongation improves their perfection in the same way that a pint of new milk is made better by an added pint of pure water. If to possess this treasure for each, one must deny one's self, do it. Civilization requires often much self-denial, that each may have his own tooth-brush and garments.—*Mrs. R. M. Tuttle, in S. S. Times.*

## AN EAST WIND IN THE EAST.

BY REV. HENRY H. JESSUP, D. D.

Have you ever thought what is meant in the Bible by an "East wind"? Had you been here last week, you would have learned all about it by bitter experience. No wonder that Jonah's head was scorched by it. In the Arabic version we read (Jonah 4, 8): "And it happened at the rising of the sun, that God prepared a hot east wind and the sun smote on Jonah's head, and he wilted, and he asked death for himself and he said, My death is better than my life."

An east wind began to rage here on Wednesday, August 22nd. A deadening and oppressive heat settled over the land. The next two days it grew more intense. The air was dry and hot as the breath of a furnace. The birds sat motionless in the thick trees. The green leaves of the fig-trees grew crisp and dropped to the ground. Book-covers curled up as though they were being held by a coal grate. Doors, bureaus, and tables cracked with a loud noise, and warped with the heat. Even the wooden ceilings creaked as if the boards were in agony. Men and beasts panted as if gasping for breath and parched for want of water. Our children awoke almost every hour of the night, calling for cold water.

I have rarely enjoyed anything more than I did the sight of a great flock of sparrows, driven by thirst to our yard, where is a long trough of water. They plunged in, drank, and drank again, flew around and fairly exulted with delight at finding in this arid mountain and on such a day, an abundance of water. A huge centipede plunged into our washbowl to slake his thirst, and although obliged to despatch him for fear of his injuring some one of the family, I could not help allowing him to live long enough to enjoy the luxury of a draught of cool water. Writing was almost impossible as the ink dried on the pen between the inkstand and the paper.

I had to ride four miles on horseback during the heat. Returning after sunset, I met Dr. Bliss just coming up from Beirut. His first question was, "Is anybody left alive on the mountain?" The heat in Beirut exceeded anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. No wonder that Jonah wilted. Thousands of Syrians "wilted" on Friday, and I doubt not many said in thought if not in words, "My death is better than my life" if this east wind continues.—*Beirut, Aug. 29th, 1877.—Christian Weekly.*

## ANECDOTES OF FOXE.

"The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe," the martyrologist who died in 1587, has lately been republished. The following anecdotes are taken from it:—

Being once asked at a friend's table what dish he desired to begin with, he answered the last—which word was pleasantly taken as if he had meant some choicer dish, such as usually are brought for the second course; whereas he rather signified the desire he had to see dinner ended, that he might depart home.

Going abroad by chance, he met a woman that he knew, who, pulling a book from under her arm, and saying, "See you not that I am going to a sermon?" Master Foxe replied, "But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather for to-day; you will do but little good at church." And when she asked, "At what time he would counsel her to go?" "Then," answered he, "when you tell nobody beforehand."

It happened at his own table that a gentleman there spoke somewhat too freely against the Earl of Leicester, which when Master Foxe heard it he commanded a bowl filled with wine to be brought in, which being done, "This bowl," quoth he, "was given me by the Earl of Leicester;" so stopping the gentleman in his intemperate speeches without reprehending him.

A young man, a little too forward, had, in presence of many, said that he "could conceive no reason, in the reading of the old authors, why men should so greatly admire them." "No marvel indeed," quoth Master Foxe, "for if you could conceive, you would then admire them yourself."

## WOMAN'S DRESS IN THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

It was about the middle of her reign that Elizabeth introduced that astounding style of dress in which she figures in most of her portraits, and in which the body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partlet or habitshirt, which had for some time been in use, and covered the whole bosom to the chin, was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the enormous wings of some nondescript butterfly. In fact, there was ruff beyond ruff; first a crimped one round the neck like a collar; and then a round one standing up from the shoulders behind the head; and, finally, the enormous circular fans towering high and wide. The head of the queen is seen covered with one of her eighty sets of false hair, and hoisted above that a jaunty hat, jewelled and plumed. In order to enable this monstrous expanse of ruff to support itself, it was necessary to resort to starch, and as Stubbs tells us, also to a machinery of wires "erected for the purpose and whipped all over with gold thread, silver, or silk." This was called a "supportasse, or underpropper." The queen sent to Holland for women skilled in the art of starching; and one Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse came over and became famous in the mystery of tormenting pride with starch. "The devil," says Stubbs, "hath learned them to wash and dress their ruffs, which being dry, will then stand inflexible about their necks." From the bosom, now partly left bare, descended an interminable stomacher, and then the farthingale spread out its enormous breadth like the modern crinoline. In nothing did Elizabeth so much betray the absence of a fine and healthy taste as in her dress: a modern historian justly observing that in her full attire she resembled, with all her rings, her lace, her jewels, her embroidery, her ruffs, and bedizenments, more an Indian idol than an English queen.—*From "Cassell's Illustrated History of England."*

The Lord's portion is his people.

DEUT. 32: 9.

# SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON I.

JANUARY 8.]

REHOBOAM, FIRST KING OF JUDAH.

READ 2 Chron. xii. 1-12.

CONNECTING HISTORY.—We learned, last year, how the Hebrew nation, which God established in the world, and which He loved and care for, was divided, and how ten of the tribes forsook the good government of God, and went away and chose a king for themselves and served idols. Our lessons for the first half of this year will tell us of the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, which together made the kingdom of Judah, and which was so called, because Judah was the larger, and more powerful of the two. This was the kingdom that remained loyal to God, and the kingdom in which Christ was born. It will be well for us to remember that the kingdom *was* divided 975 B. C.; that Re-ho-bo'-am the son of Solomon, reigned over Judah for about seventeen years from 975 to 957 B. C.; that Jer-o-bo'-am reigned over the ten tribes, which was called the kingdom of Israel, for about twenty-years, from 975 to 953 B.C.

NOTES.—V. 1—*Had established the kingdom*,—made it strong and powerful. *All Israel*.—This name is here given to the people of the kingdom of Judah. V. 2—*Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem*.—This means that he made war against it. *Because they transgressed*.—God punishes men for their transgressions. V. 4.—*Fenced cities*—*i.e.*, fortified cities. *Came to Jerusalem*.—They came to Jerusalem and captured it. V. 5.—*Shemaiah* He was a prophet who lived in Jerusalem. *Princes*.—These were men who held high offices in the kingdom. *Ye have forsaken Me*.—God leaves us in the hands of our enemies when we forsake Him. V. 6.—*Humbled themselves*.—*They* repented of their sins. *Righteous*,—just and right in punishing them. V. 7.—*Some deliverance*,—deliverance for a little while. V. 8.—*They shall be his servants*.—They were to be in some kind of bondage to Egypt. *That they may know*.—That they may know how much better it is to serve God than heathen masters. V. 9.—*The house of the Lord*,—the temple at Jerusalem *The king's house*,—the royal palace where the king lived. V. 12.—*Things went well*.—In all the bad things in Judah there were many good things.

CENTRAL THOUGHT.—The way to the Lord's favor is through repentance.

GOLDEN TEXT.—When he humbled himself, the wrath of the Lord turned from him. 2 Chron. xii. 12.

LESSON VERSE.

Though I forgot Him, and wander away,
Still He will love me, wherever I stray;
Back to His dear, loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

What did we learn of the Hebrew nation last year? What will our lessons for the first half of this year tell us about? When was the kingdom divided? Over what did Rehoboam reign? From what year, to what year, and how long did he reign? Who reigned over the kingdom of Israel? From what year, to what year, and how long did he reign?

V. 1. What did Rehoboam forsake? Who with him? When? How did he forsake the Lord? 1 Kings xiv. 23, 24. In what great danger are we when we have great prosperity?

Vs. 2-4. What punishment was visited upon the sinning people? When? Why? With what army did he come? What did Shishak first do? What next did he do? What were fenced cities? What did he do to Jerusalem? What may wicked nations fear?

V. 5. Who now came forward? Why was there a gathering at Jerusalem? With what authority did he speak? What was his message? What great truth is here taught? Chap. xv. 2. What are we thus warned not to do?

V. 6. Whereupon, what did the sinning people do? What did they say of the Lord? In what did they acknowledge that the Lord was righteous? What does the Bible say about pride and humility? Matt. xxiii. 12.

Vs. 7, 8. What again came to Shemaiah? When? Saying what? Promising what deliverance? Nevertheless what was threatened? Why were they to be in servitude to Shishak? What may every one who turns to God say? Isa. xxvi. 13.

V. 9. So, what did Shishak do? What did he take away? What, also, did he carry away?

Vs. 10-12. What did Rehoboam make, instead of the shields of gold? To whom did he commit them? What was done when the king entered the house of the Lord? What was the result of the king's humbling himself? What is said of Judah? What is the way to exaltation? 1 Peter v. 6. Through what is the way to the Lord's favor?

LESSON II.

JANUARY 15.]

ASA FAITHFUL TO HIS GOD.

READ 2 Chron. xiv. 1-11.

CONNECTING HISTORY.—Abijah or Abijam (will of Jehovah) was Rehoboam's son and successor. He began to reign 957 B. C., and ruled three years. His great effort was to recover the ten tribes by making war upon that nation under the rule of Jeroboam, and he was successful in recovering several of the cities of Israel. The moral aspect of his reign was not largely different from that of Rehoboam, as we learn from 1 Kings xiv. 23, 24.

NOTES.—V. 1.—*Asa* (physician), the third King of Judah, was Abijah's son and successor. He began to reign 955 B. C., and ruled for forty-one years. His reign was characterized by the marked piety which distinguished him from his predecessors, and by his efforts to purify the nation from idolatry. *City of David*.—Jerusalem. V. 3.—*Strange gods*,—idols. *High Places*,—places of worship on the hill tops, to be near the objects of their superstitious adoration, the sun and stars. *The Groves*—dedicated to the depraving worship of the goddess Astarte. V. 4.—*Lord God of their Fathers*,—not the *gods* of their fathers, but the Omnipotent God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and who brought them out of the land of Egypt. *The law and the commandments*.—The scribes and Pharisees acted up to this law, but Christ requires our righteousness to exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, &c. V. 5.—*Quiet*.—There were no wars to disturb. V. 6.—*Built fenced cities*,—in peace preparing for war; it is best to prepare for adversity when everything looks prosperous. V. 7.—*The land is yet before us*.—Invaders had not entered into it. V. 8.—*Mighty men of valor*—Both strong and courageous. V. 9.—*Thousand thousand*,—a number not to be counted. V. 11.—*We rest on Thee*.—In v. 7 God had given them rest from their enemies; now that their enemies had attacked them in an innumerable number they could rest in the sure confidence that He would protect them. *Let not man prevail against Thee*.—They put God to his promises.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power, verse 11.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

V. 1. How long did Abijah reign? What year did Asa begin his reign? What is meant by the land being quiet? Was ten years a long time for the land to be quiet? How long is it since England has had no war in all her borders?

V. 2. What is good and right in the eyes of the Lord? Who can do what is good and right? The best way to please God?

V. 3. Where is the Christian's altar of sacrifice? Do Christians worship any images? Can there be other than physical images of worship?

V. 4. Who or what is meant by Judah? How would the people of Judah seek the Lord? How may you seek the Lord?

V. 5. What is meant by high places? and what by images?

V. 6. What are fenced cities? Are there any in Canada?

V. 7. Is building now considered an evidence of prosperity? What can we build up besides erections of wood, brick, and stone?

V. 8. What is an army? Who compose Jesus' army? Are you on His side? What service does he require from his soldiers? How can you fight for Him? When is the best time to enlist into His army? How may you be a mighty man of valor in Christ's army?

V. 9. Why need not one of Christ's soldiers be afraid if thousands of thousands oppose him? In whom may he securely trust?

V. 10. Where is Mareshah? What is meant by battle array?

V. 11. What is meant by crying unto God? Why is it as easy for the Lord to help against few as many? Is there strength given us by battling in the Lord's name? How may we prevail against God? What have you learnt from this lesson?

# 1878.

Again we wish you a happy New Year. 1877 has been full of pleasurable events and serious transactions, of advancements and retrogressions, of victories and defeats, of hopes which have attained to realities, and hopes which have proved to be delusions; yet you are prepared with new courage and resolutions to meet its successor, perform the duties it may bring, suffer what may have to be suffered, and enjoy what you may be privileged to enjoy. Although the past year has been a severe one to many, who would like to have it blotted out of their recollections? Very, very few readers of the MESSENGER we think, and not one, we sincerely hope.

It is very strange how past memories gradually shape themselves in the mind. What once was considered as a burden to bend under, now, looked at through the mists of intervening days, months or years, has changed its form and its character. Was it then a grief God given? Now we know that it was from Him who doeth all things well. Was it a joy? We may regret that in it we did not recognize the Giver of joys, and that it turned to bitterness. Was it a mystery, then, that we stumbled over? Increasing years, and the unaccountable knowledge which comes through experience, unravels the mystery, and what was tangled has been made plain.

The year just opened we hope will bring blessings to all. While the last one was full of wars and warlike rumors, may the present be one of peace and peace-making. While during the one just closed, want was deeply felt, may we not hope that during the present the openings in the lowering clouds of adversity are not deceptive, but indicative of a happy change for the better.

To the MESSENGER, 1877 has been a comparatively prosperous year. Its many friends have stood by it, and it has delivered its message twice every month to some two hundred and fifty thousand readers,—that is supposing each paper is read by five persons, which may or may not be the case. Many kind expressions of the good done by its words have been received, which are most encouraging to us. It is our desire that in 1878 it may prove of greater value to those it visits than ever before, and that not one to whom it comes but may feel that he or she have been in some manner benefited by it.

## CAMPAIGN NOTES.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY pair of skates have already been sent to those who have won them, and also some two dozen albums, several weather glasses, ever so many rings, a Mackinnon pen and other prizes. We have not heard of a single case in which those receiving them have been dissatisfied.

OUR PRIZE OFFER is as follows: An $80 gold watch will be given to the person who sends in the largest amount in subscriptions before January 7th; a prize of a $50 sewing machine will be given to the person sending in the second largest amount; a prize of a $20 silver watch will be given to the one sending in the third largest amount, before the date mentioned above. A pair of "Eureka" skates which sells for $4.00 will be given to any one sending $15 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications. A pair of "Eureka" skates which sells at $2.75 will be given to any one who sends in $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications; and a pair of "Canadian Club" skates which sells at $2.75 will be given to any one who sends in $9 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications. All letters for the prizes of the skates must have on them "in competition."

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

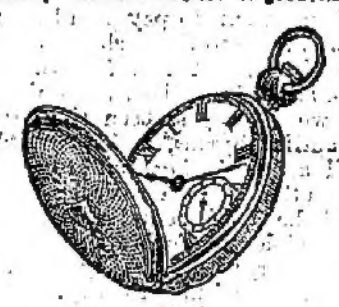
## SUPPLEMENTARY PRIZE LIST.

We have received letters from a few workers saying that they do not care about the Skates, are not anxious for a cash commission and would like some other prize One little girl tells us that there is not a pond within ten miles of her place, and a gentleman that he has but one leg, and therefore the Skates would not suit. On the presumption that there are others somewhat similarly situated, the following supplementary prize list (which, in every case, gives the worker the advantage of the wholesale price of the goods mentioned) is submitted.

A GENUINE SILVER HUNTING-CASE

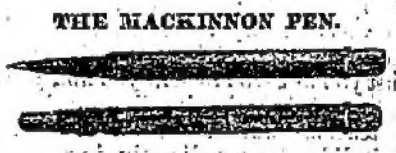
WALTHAM WATCH, Plain-Jewelled,

and commonly retailed at $20. A good time-keeper.



One of these very popular Watches will be sent to every person sending in $60 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

THE MACKINNON PEN.



This Pen, as now sold, is made of Vulcanized Rubber and Metals that cannot corrode in the strongest acids. It looks like a Pencil Case ornamented with gold; but combines ink, inkstand pen and pencil in one. When not in use ink cannot escape; but when the point touches the paper a valve is opened and ink at once flows to suit the writer. This Pen is always ready, neat and handsome, and as clean to carry in the vest pocket as a penknife. There is nothing about it to wear out; and it is claimed to be, without exception, the handiest, most economical and most durable Pen in the world. The regular retail price at the Montreal Book-Room is $4. This Pen will be sent to the address of anyone who sends in $15 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

FOR GIRLS ONLY.

GOLD AND JEWELLED RINGS.

This is a present exclusively for girls (little or grown-up), and for those who intend to present the prize to their lady friends. The Gold Keeper shown in the centre of the engraving retails at $2, and will be mailed to anyone sending us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with eight pearls and five stones retails at $1; it will be mailed to anyone who sends $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with three pearls and six stones retails at $6; it will be mailed to anyone sending $13 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. If the competitors prefer they can obtain rings of greater value on equally advantageous terms. For example, if they send $50 in new subscriptions, they would receive by return mail a ring which they would have to pay $20 for at any retail store; and such a ring would be a pretty good one. A lady in sending for any of these rings should send a piece of paper or thread the size of her finger, so that one to fit may be obtained.

THE GREAT

WEATHER INDICATOR

FOR FARMERS.

Pool's Signal Service Barometer.

This Barometer is of very early invention and will detect and indicate any change in the weather twelve to forty-eight hours in advance. It tells what kind of storm is approaching and from what quarter it comes. Many farmers plan their work according to its predictions. There is an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This is sold retail by the General Agents, Messrs. Ostell & Co, Montreal, for $2. One will be sent to every person sending $6 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

A Handsome

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

which retails at $2.25, will be mailed to all who send $7 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

FUN FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

A MAGIC LANTERN with twelve slides will be mailed to all who send $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

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*DO NOT FORGET THEM!*

Every letter must be marked "In competition," or otherwise express the intention to compete for one of more of these prizes.

No names are entered on our subscription lists unless the money accompanies the order.

You can obtain sample copies, directions for working, and any other information at any time by writing to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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